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Bone Soup

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dates, so that everything
here has been settled, like
addition or subtraction,
whichever way you look at it.

BONE SOUP

Here's a soup to
fight the wicked chill.
Bones that give up
the flavor of their souls.
Bones that cannot remember
what body held them
together for a life.

Chicken, pig, or cow?
The only answer bubbles
its breath above the flame.
And identity doesn't
matter when the wind
still seeks more victims.

You can stir the bones
to rattle against
the pot, as if to say,
death is not peaceful here.
That is how the eulogy
thickens, sprinkled
with parsley and salt.

Taste is what you came for.
Hunger keeps gnawing
on your body as
long as time will last.

Take some of this bone
soup to fill your bowl.
Spoon it to your mouth.
The bones are passing on to
you, life to life.
That is the final sacrament.

CAT IN THE CORNER

You invite sleep to
curl up with you
and you two forget the hours.
Time passes beyond your
dreams, the twitch
of your whiskers.
Time almost forgets you.
Perhaps you sleep because
you dream of distance
and mice that run
on to infinity
and you enjoy the pleasure
of never catching them.
To wake you would break
back into the hurt of time,
the stop and start of need.
But even now, you pause
in that perfect dream
to breathe, to reach
back again for air
in the world you have left,
to show you still
do belong to the living.
And here, before us,
eyes closed, you stir, you
move your sleeping shoulders
and rest your chin.